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Miscellaneous.

"Is it time?"

OR THE HEROINE OF THE TYROL.

A STORY FOUNDED ON FACT.

My regiment was quartered in the ancient town of Trent from the year 1806, when the Tyrol was annexed to the realm of Bavaria, until 1809; and the latter part of this period will ever exist in my recollection, as the most eventful epoch I have hitherto encountered.

The Bavarian sway, as is well known, was exceedingly unpopular throughout the newly incorporated country; and, in consequence, our sojourn was none of the pleasant: in fact, for a long time we were sedulously cut by the inhabitants of Trent and its neighborhood; and when at length they condescended to notice us at all, it was most frequently to pick a quarrel, and to show their teeth at least, if they dared not bite.

It will readily be imagined, that this state of things was particularly irksome to a party chiefly consisting of young officers eager in the pursuit of diversion, and wearied with the monotony of a garrison life. We were compelled to contract our enjoyments within a very narrow circle, which almost prohibited the chance of variety; when, one evening, after a jovial mess, it was proposed by two or three of the most volatile amongst us, that we should, at any risk, assist at a *siree* which we had heard was to be given the same night, at a mansion within a mile or two of the town.—This mad-headed project was adopted—despite the remonstrances of the more sober and reflecting of our *cloth*—by myself and some half dozen other swaggering, or rather staggering youths, who modestly deemed themselves the *elite* of his Bavarian Majesty's—regiment of light dragoons.

Amidst continued and boisterous merriment at the idea of a Tyrolese *assemblee*, we pursued our route, and reaching the chateau, penetrated, ere the wonder-stricken domestic had time to announce us, into the principal *salon*, which, to our surprise, was filled with a company apparently as well-bred as might on an average be found at the *conversazioni* of Munich itself. Our sudden and unexpected presence seemed to paralyze the whole assemblage; and many eyes

were turned upon us as glaring as those of Tybalt at the intrusion of the hostile Montagues. As in that instance, however, so now, the host—a benevolent and sensible man—betook himself to soften matters; and politely advancing, both welcomed and invited us to sit. We had prepared ourselves for every circumstance save one—which one was precisely that I have just related. We should infallibly, flushed as we were with wine, have persisted in exchanging some chit-chat with the country belles, even had we been subsequently obliged to retreat, sword in hand to our quarters. But thus received by the master of the house, our heroism fell fruitless, and we certainly cut but a sorry figure: it was fortunate that one of our party possessed presence of mind enough to extricate himself and comrades from so embarrassing a dilemma.

In candid terms, he begged pardon of the host for our unauthorized and unmannerly intrusion; pleaded, in excuse, the miserable monotony of our quarters; appealed to the ladies indulgently to step forward as peacemakers between us and their male friends; and, in short, succeeded in placing all parties finally on easy and good-humored terms.

Amongst the numerous damsels present, one in particular attracted and fixed my notice. She was very young; but her whole contour, and the sweet intellectuality of her countenance, impelled me to devote to her my entire attention; nor did the fair Dorothea—for so I found she was called—seem disposed to repel these advances. In fact, the whole of the company grew more and more sociable, with one solitary exception—that of an individual called Rusen, whose dark complexion and wily features looked more Italian than German, and formed a striking contrast to the smiling, sunny aspect of Dorothea. It was indeed difficult to imagine that any thing could exist in common between two persons apparently so opposite: but I observed that in proportion to the increase of my familiarity with the latter, the sinister countenance of Rusen waxed more and more gloomy.

The lady evidently remarked this change; and when it became so palpable as not to be mistaken, she made up to him, and tried sundry little arts and enticements to win him back to complacency. This

undoubtedly looked like love; and the strange suspicion was confirmed by a bystander, who, on the young lady's quitting my neighborhood, laughingly said, "Take heed; you will incur the vengeance of Rusen, who is a scheming sort of a fellow, if you continue to flirt with his betrothed." The words sounded unaccountably; for even at that moment, as I gazed on the pair, her anxious, agitated manner bore rather the semblance of fear than affection. Indeed, from a feeling I could scarcely define, I resolved that this alleged contract should not prevent my offering to escort the fair one home—which, when the hour of separation arrived, I accordingly took occasion to do. She declined the offer with a bland smile.—I did not press it under the circumstances, but turned away to saunter once more through the rooms. On returning however toward the spot, my surprise was great to see Dorothea still seated there, alone, and apparently much chagrined. "Captain," said she as I approached, and striving to assume a tone of gaiety, "I fear you will accuse me of caprice, but were your offer now repeated, I should accept it." Of course, I lost no time in profiting by this alteration, and having summoned Dorothea's attendant, we at once set forward for her home, which I understood to be at some little distance on the Botzen road.

The night was dark and the streets deserted. The domestic preceded us with a torch, and by its rays I could perceive that my companion's features were thoughtful and abstracted. To all my efforts to engage her in conversation, she answered by monosyllables; until at length she suddenly exclaimed, "Captain Lieber, I am now near home, and have no further cause to dread interruption or molestation. You, on the contrary, being unfortunately a *Bavarian*," (and I thought I could detect a sigh as she spoke,) "are obnoxious to many around us. I entreat you, therefore, to return to your quarters, do so as expeditiously and quietly as may be, and forget a weakness which has possibly caused me to lead you into peril." She uttered these words, though whisperingly, with much earnestness; and, as if to give them greater force, at the same time pressed my arm with fervor. That pressure thrilled through my heart; but its effect was different from what she had intended, for I was

the more determined to escort her safely to her door.

On reaching the chateau, we found it enveloped in darkness and silence, but Dorothea having knocked at a window, it was gently opened, and after a moment's whispering, a large cloak and slouched hat were handed out to her. "Take these," said she to me, "*disguise may now be necessary. They will serve to conceal your uniform and your cap.*"

"What dread you then?" I inquired, somewhat startled. "We Bavarians and the Tyrolese now form one people: we are not at war with each other, and even the peasantry will soon become friendly to a government which requires nothing but order and submission to lawful power."

"Lawful power," responded the lovely rebel, "can proceed neither from the sword nor pen—from the issue of battles nor negotiations of peace."

"From whence, then, does it proceed?"

"From the will of the people. But I must not argue with you," pursued she smiling; "all I seek just now is a sound night's repose, which I am sure you will not, by neglecting my caution, deprive me of."

By way of answer, I enveloped myself in the ample folds of the mantle. I raised her delicate little hands to my lips; and, tempted by her acquiescence, exclaimed. "You are obeyed; but ere I go, *dear Dorothea*, tell me—are you indeed betrothed to that gloomy-looking Rusen?"

"Yes—no!" replied she, and rushing into the house, put a stop to all further communication.

Transported with an indistinct emotion of hope, I quitted the dwelling of the lovely Tyrolese, and commenced my journey homewards. For awhile my imagination wandered into all sorts of delightful prospects for the future, until the obscurity of the path recalled me to the passing moment. I fancied that, though the prevailing gloom, I could distinguish, in the distance, the faint lights of the little town of Trent; and thus encouraged, was walking briskly onward, when my progress was arrested by coming close upon a human figure apparently mantled like myself, and gliding forwards with noiseless steps. Whilst listening for some signs of life from this object, it suddenly disappeared. I paused in surprise; and a moment after, a voice *behind* me murmured softly, "*It is time!*" Instinctively disguising my tones, I replied. "Time to be snug in bed, friend;" on which the challenger, as if mistaken in the party he had addressed, without another word retired.

There was something about this circumstance, coupled with the preceeding ones, that I did not altogether like—particularly as I thought I recognized, in the voice I had just heard, that of *Rusen*. Grasping the hilt of my sabre, I struck out of the main road, and took a bye-path, which, at the expense of a little *detour*, might, I conceived, save me from the hazard of being waylaid.

This path led through some conventual ruins, and I resolved on reaching them, to play the sentinel for a few minutes, and reconnoitre before I penetrated further into the valley before me. I threaded my way among the rotting walls cautiously and in silence—and it was well I did so, or I should have stumbled right upon a man, who, with folded arms, was leaning against a parapet. He must have been dozing, for the next moment he started at the voice of a person (who approached from another quarter) uttering the question I had before heard, "Is it time?" The voice was certainly *Rusen's* and his interlocutor answered with the word, "*Salurn!*"

"Has he passed you?" inquired *Rusen*.

"No: not a mouse could have gone by me unobserved," rejoined the watchful sentinel, "much less an accursed Bavarian."

"Come back with me then to the high road, and we will go onward, for he cannot be much longer, and the more distant we are from the town, the better."

The conspirators (whose purpose was now evident) retired, and as soon as their footsteps grew faint in the distance, I emerged from the friendly buttress which had concealed me, and hastened, with returning confidence, to my quarters.

On inquiry, next morning, I learnt that *Rusen* was a native of Verona, but possessed of great property and influence in the neighborhood of Botzen. He was considered as the accepted lover of *Dorothea*, who, however, it was generally suspected, in receiving his addresses, was swayed more by political motives than the hope of connubial happiness. This remarkable young creature, at that time just budding forth a delicate and fragile maiden, had distinguished herself three years previously, when her country fell into the hands of Bavaria, by her ingenuity in suggesting continual obstacles to the domination of the Bavarian government. Yet, urged by my hopes, I could not help imagining (from the interest she took in my preservation) that her hostility to my native land was either decreased, or had been exaggerated.

Some time elapsed, after these occurrences, ere I could again obtain an interview with *Dorothea*. Meanwhile, I one evening received orders to escort with my troop a supply of money to Botzen. As I must pass her father's chateau on the route, I resolved at all hazards to attempt to see the object of so many both of my waking and sleeping thoughts. I therefore gave instructions to my lieutenant to await me at a village a little further on, and dismounting, struck into a circuitous path which led to the hall-door of the mansion. Finding this open, I was in the act of presenting myself unannounced in the parlor, when I was fixed to the spot by the startling voice of *Rusen*. "*To-morrow night, then!*" he exclaimed to some other person in the apartment, "*to-morrow night, in the Salurn Castle!*"

"Agreed—but stay—hear me!" and I

recognized the tones of *Dorothea*.

I recollect not the precise train of thoughts that whirled through my brain—there was something of jealousy—of disappointment—of indignation; when my consciousness flowed again in a clear stream, I found myself in full gallop after my troop in advance.

Upon our return the following afternoon, I shifted the quarters of my company to the village *Salurn*, and having seen both men and horses properly billeted, crossed, towards twilight, a wild and terrific chasm, forming one of the natural defenses of the ruined castle which towered high overhead, its turrets glowing with the rays of the setting sun, whilst beneath all was quickly becoming immersed in gloom. Having never beheld these majestic remains at so favorable a moment, I was for some time absorbed by the contemplation: from this reverie, however, I was aroused by the sudden apparition of a young mountaineer, who leapt from crag to crag with inconceivable agility. To avoid any risk of insult from the peasantry, I had laid aside my regimental dress, and therefore watched the boy's progress, heedless whether or not he should be followed by a train. He passed swiftly as the wind, but in passing threw toward me a scrap of paper, which he took from a small basket on his arm. I eagerly examined it, but found nothing more than the enigmatical words—"'*Tis time!*'"

I turned over and over in my mind the probable meaning of these emphatic syllables. Their reference to *Rusen's* mysterious question was palpable; but what did both conjointly imply? Although the Tyrolese were known to be generally disaffected to their existing rulers, yet no evidences had been given of open and organized hostility. It is true—for my suspicions now aggravated every occurrence I could not thoroughly explain—that I had latterly observed several groups of persons engaged in close and anxious conversation; and, in one instance, saw a considerable body of men fixing their eyes intently on the summit of *Salurn Castle*; but these were vague circumstances, which yielded no positive deduction.

What was to be done? At first, I felt strongly disposed to return to the village and get my troops under arms; but my interest to discover whether *Rusen* and *Dorothea* met at so strange a time, and in so strange a place, was unconquerable, hightened too by their manifest connection with what I now began to consider a watchword. I resolved finally, since I was so far on the road, to satisfy myself first in this matter, and then hasten to *Salurn* and *Trent* and take the necessary precautions. Accordingly, I pushed on my way, nor relaxed in my pace, although I had to struggle with sundry steep ascents and rude crags, until I found myself at the foot of the immense rock whereon the castle stands. The grand difficulty now was, to discover the direct rough-hewn flight of steps lead-

ing up to the structure, in seeking which I explored the entire circumference, and lost so much time that it had grown dusk all round me. What my sensations were during this interval it is impossible to describe!

Thus situated, my quick ear detected the voice of Rusen. It sounded from beyond a projecting corner of the cliff. Favored by the darkness, I groped round, and had scarce doubted the point when the transient gleam of a lantern fell on three figures, in whom I recognized Rusen, Dorothea, and a female whom I did not remember to have seen before. This momentary light likewise enabled me to attain a spot whence I could hear, at least whatever passed.

Complete silence was maintained all three for some time—and in the doubtful light their outlines reminded me of a group of marble statues. "Hear me," at length exclaimed Rusen in a rough and angered voice, "and let us fully understand each other. I am, as you know, not a Tyrolese. I have no personal feelings to gratify by setting this unhappy country in a blaze. On the contrary, those peaceful plans of commerce which have brought me hither thrive best when public tranquility is established. If, therefore, I stand committed to this confederacy, and throw into the scale my money, influence, and credit, my reward must be rendered certain. Pronounce therefore the word, Dorothea; say that *to-morrow* you will be my wife, and this moment will I spring up the rocky height. Speak clearly and firmly; for no longer, and least of all, *here*, here will I be trifled with."

A few moments elapsed ere Dorothea answered, and when she did, her tones were so faint and tremulous that it was quite impossible to distinguish them. "She has consented," exclaimed the other female: "up then, if you be a man!"

So intense was my excitement that the whole scene was, as it were, branded upon my heart. The parties moved away, and with stealthy pace I followed. A minute after, the light was seen ascending, as if spontaneously, the face of the cliff. Its position enabled me to hit upon the steps, which, without a moment's hesitation, I began to mount. They were almost perpendicular—slippery and dangerous; but, as if by instinct, my feet fixed themselves firmly in the friendly cavities. I quickly gained upon the light, whilst I felt my strength redoubled by that tigerlike feeling which works on man when he finds almost within his grasp a deadly foe. Immediately above us was a narrow platform running round the base of the building, and here I overtook my rival.

My advancing footsteps induced him turn in surprise, and at the same instant I rushed on him and seized him by the throat. "Jesu Maria!" cried he, as his fingers convulsively sought some firm hold upon me, "*Is it not time?*"

"Yes," I rejoined, "*it is time!*" and as the gleam of the lantern showed him my features, his own expressed a mingled feel-

ing of exultation and horror. "In the name of the king," I pursued "I apprehend you as a traitor.—Will you resign yourself my prisoner?"

"Never" shouted he.

"Then down with you!" and with my collected strength I dragged him down to the brink of the precipice.

The Italian struggled desperately, and we hung together for several minutes over the abyss. A complexity of passion nerved my arm. Personal antipathy to the man, loyalty to my king, love of Dorothea, all combined to animate me; but my antagonist possessed considerable muscular strength, and I doubt whether the issue would have been successful for me, had he not relaxed his hold in order to draw a poignard. This action was fatal to the unfortunate Rusen. I had obtained considerable celebrity in wrestling, with which manly exercise we often beguiled a wearisome hour in garrison, and the instant he loosed his gripe, I got my foot between his, and fairly tripped him up.

He fell heavily and headlong from the platform upon the mass of rock beneath, uttering a piercing yell. I stood a moment almost petrified; but having recovered from this stupor, my next step was to descend again the rocky stairs and discover whether my victim yet lived. On reaching the spot whereon he had fallen, I found already there Dorothea and her friend, bending with speechless horror over the motionless body of Rusen, at whose breast the lantern still remained suspended and unextinguished.

"Are you here, captain?" exclaimed Dorothea, half-shrieking: "merciful heaven, is this a dream?"

"Let us think of it hereafter but as one," replied I.—"You at any rate, must have no share in this scene of crime and death."

She answered not, but knelt and unloosed the lamp from the body of Rusen. "Leave me, leave me, Captain Lieber. I must hence, to obey the call of a sacred duty. As poor Rusen, alas! no longer lives to perform it, I must complete his intention!"

"Dorothea!" exclaimed I, "this is the language of madness. You are at present strongly excited, and not able to think for yourself. I must therefore insist on conducting you from this accursed spot. Come, let us begone! my duty summons me away."

"What duty?" rejoined she, firmly but sadly. "You go to be the means of betraying, perhaps to death, the ill-fated being you have said you love."

"Never, by heaven!" cried I: "not by a word, not by a look."

"But there may be other witnesses of this transaction, and—" she paused a moment, and then resumed—"In the center turret of the castle above us are deposited certain papers which I am resolved to demolish with the flame of this lamp:

otherwise I cannot rest in peace."

"If that be all, I will accomplish it. Give me the lamp."

"You captain?"—and she shuddered as she spoke.

"Nay, dearest Dorothea, hesitate no longer: time passes."

The maiden wrung her hands and wept aloud.

"Do you fear," resumed I, scarce knowing what I said, "that I should examine the papers, and betray their contents?"

"I confess that *is* my fear," she replied lingeringly.

"Shall I then swear not to do so?"

"No, but promise by your honor, by your love for me, that when you have ascended the turret, and found the packet which is placed upon a small box on a flat stone near its top, you will—without looking for any inscription—instantly burn both box and packet, and watch their gradual consumption to ashes. Do you promise this?"

"I do, on the honor of a soldier."

The agitating occurrences of the night had thrown my mind into a state of chaos. I was incapable at the moment of any connected train of thought, and my predominant feeling was the renewed hope of at length attaining Dorothea's heart and hand.

I seized the lamp from the grasp of the heroic though trembling girl, and having once more climbed the precipitous steep, gained its pinnacle without accident. I felt dizzy for a moment on reaching the level from whence the unfortunate Rusen had been dashed; but with unflinching resolution waded over broken stones and rubbish, until I was at the foot of the ruined central tower. Its winding-stair was imperfect and dilapidated, and I was half-dead with fatigue ere I had reached the top. The fresh air, however, which then blew unimpeded over my head, did much to revive me, and at length I approached the mysterious packet. It was deposited on a stone which projected a little from the wall.

True to my promise, I averted my eyes whilst applying the flame to the objects mentioned. The paper however, having probably become damp, would not readily ignite, and I was thus unwillingly forced to turn and look toward the stone whereon it rested, when I perceived its surface to be—*completely blank!*

An icy coldness shot through every vein as I made this discovery. Meantime, the paper had taken fire, and as it blazed, emitted sundry sparks as if from gunpowder; and having communicated to the box beneath, immediately a huge column of blue flame ascended, steadily, high into the air.

My mental perceptions became clear on the instant. All traces of confession vanished from my brain, and the whole truth was at once developed. With sudden impulse and supernatural strength, I drew the stone from the wall, and hurled it, box and all,

into the void below, but it was too late!—the SIGNAL was given. From the summit of every hill, far and near, fires arose, as if simultaneously, tossing about their flames like so many hell-spirits, in the blackness of night, replying to each other's call. The next moment were heard the drums of the infantry, and the trumpets of the dragoons, and these were succeeded by the thunder of small arms and cannon which echoed from valley to valley.

How I descended, first the turret, and then the rock, I have not the most distant knowledge. Tearing myself from the outstretched arms of Dorothea, I sprang like a maniac into the village. Alas! I just arrived in time to see my brave fellows, surrounded and overwhelmed, cut to pieces by armed peasantry. Every where around was shouted the signal cry—"It is time!"—On that fatal night the Tyrol was lost to Bavaria!

Struck by a bullet I fell; and when, after great and protracted sufferings, I was once more enabled to conceive what passed around me. I found the mountain-land restored into the arms of Austria, and recognized in my nurse its heroic patriot, Dorothea; who—hostilities having ceased and no further national jealousy existing between us—shortly afterwards became my wife.

From the Metropolitan.

The Lover's Song.

Let commerce search the land and deep,
Where'r musk breathes or diamonds beam;
Let Avarice o'er his glittering heap,
Enjoy his lone and rapturous dream;
Such treasures ne'er my heart enthrall,
One smile of love is worth them all.

Let sages burn their midnight oil,
To build in after years a name;
In senates, courts, let statesmen toil,
To fill the trump of present fame;
Their hopes, vain meteors, flash and fall,
The star of love is worth them all.

Let rattling arms and dying groans
Wild rapture to the warrior yield;
Let monarchs on their dazzling thrones,
O'er crouching earth their scepters wield,
Glory will fleet and splendor pall,
A cot of love is worth them all.

From the Hermethenean.

Trollopes, Fidler's and Hamiltons.

What a splendid trio of great names! What an exalted privilege to live at a time when three such distinguished writers are putting forth the rare manifestations of their intellect and learning! Every age has been gifted with some such gifted spirits, but few have had more than the present. There was a time when the multitude were enlightened by the travels of Munchausen, and Gulliver. There was a time, and not long since, when Fearson and Fox explored this barbarous country, and returning to their own, published the results of their observation, to satisfy the eager curiosity of their inquisitive countrymen. We consider it, however, an un-

fortunate circumstance, and an unpardonable waste of talents, that America should be the occasion of so much care and anxiety to her mother country. Books without number have been written with great pains by intelligent and single-hearted Englishmen, upon the manners, and climate, and government of the United States. The best exertions have been made to correct our faults and teach us to live as they do in the 'fast anchored isle.' Strange, that we are such a stubborn race of beings as not to learn! Strange that we cannot at once open our eyes, and see that we are in very truth, what every candid English traveler has represented us to be—a dreadful bad people!

We beg pardon of our readers for this train of irony. The subject has invited it, and indeed, such is its nature, that we shall not promise to be at all times grave, in the progress of this article. It is, we think, a matter much to be doubted, who is the most deficient in common sense, the man who can sit down gravely to review a work like that of Mr. Fidler, or the individual who could have the presumption to write it.

Dr. Johnson has somewhere, in his sage way, remarked, that no one ever became great by imitation. We are unwilling to admit the correctness of his position, and can bring forward many instances to show that the contrary is true. Virgil is acknowledged to have imitated Homer, and yet no one will deny him the reputation of a great poet. Washington Irving, in writing his 'Sketch Book' is said to have followed the example of Makenzie, the author of the 'Man of Feeling'; and three recent English travelers in this country, if we may judge by the reputation of their productions, and the interest with which they are read, have not been unacquainted with the mode of Gulliver. Mrs. Trollope has a singular talent of exaggeration, and while reading her satirical descriptions of parties, and theatres, and her marvellous account of a wood-cutter's family on the banks of the Mississippi river, being devoured in their sleep, one night, by alligators, in consequence of having erected their hut over a hole where these monsters dwelt, we have been ready to exclaim with Dominie Sampson of old—PRO-DI-GI-ous!

But to examine the merits of our respective travelers with a little more seriousness. Mrs. Trollope, as every body knows, came to this country an adventurer. She sought to make herself a fortune by the establishment of a Bazaar at Cincinnati, and to her failure in this enterprise must be attributed much of her severe censure and unjustifiable remark.—She is, however, a woman of talents, and setting aside a few marvellous stories, has not said many things which are positively untrue. But there seems to have been some obliquity in her visual organs, inasmuch as she has always taken the very worst and most exaggerated view of every

thing. The people of the West, not extending to her their kindness and civility, have found no mercy at her hands, and had it not been for the recollection of her disappointment, she might perhaps, when away from their society, have looked with more candor upon the manners and customs of other parts of the country. What sort of a character she sustains in England we know not, neither are we acquainted with the respectability of her birth. Her husband is mentioned in her book in no very affectionate terms, and from this we may conjecture that their 'domestic happiness' was not that 'only bliss of Paradise,' which Cowper tells us, 'has survived the fall.' Report makes him out a withered old man, without occupation, and entirely dependent for support upon his better half. The cause of their troubles is unknown, and we cannot better describe their condition than in the words of an old Scotch ballad:

'A man and his wife wer fawn in a strife,
I canna weel tell ye how it began;
But aye she wail'd her wretched life,
Cryeng, Eever alake, mine auld good man?'

Mr. Fidler is a clergyman, and, like Mrs. Trollope, came hither to seek his fortune. But his occupation was not of the same kind, for he proposed to teach the Americans *Sanscrit*, and because they refused to learn it of him, he belabors them most sturdily. If his qualifications as a teacher of this and the other Oriental languages had been good, he ought to have known before hand that this 'barbarous' country was not yet prepared to receive instruction in such branches of knowledge. Mr. Fidler has not the talents of his predecessor, and in the display of his learning he seems to us precisely what Pope calls

'A bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head.'

His 'Observations on the United States' discover great shallowness of thought, and there is nothing to relieve the tediousness of a perusal except the blunders and gross absurdities which appear in almost every chapter. It was unfortunate that Mrs. Fidler accompanied her husband in his tour through the United States, since her fretfulness and discontent hastened his return to England. Had he remained longer in this country, and become more thoroughly acquainted with the habits and views of the people, he might have obtained some lucrative employment, and been at the same time adding to his knowledge of the 'Sanscrit.'

Col. Hamilton has a character different from either of his predecessors. He came to this country under the most favorable circumstances, having already been admired as the author of 'Cyril Thornton.' Every attention which a foreigner in his circumstances could expect, was shown to him, and nothing but a fretful, peevish, growling disposition prevented his sojourn from being pleasant to him and his friends.

He was every where treated as an English gentleman—but his conduct, did not often show him worthy of the appellation. He traveled through the country grumbling at the roads, growling at stage drivers, and finding fault with the accommodations of our best public houses. His stay in a place was regulated by the amount of attention which he received, and this was many times extremely small, in consequence of the roughness and uncouthness of his manners. Every chapter of his book shows not only a prejudiced mind, but a dishonest heart, and his mean and selfish disposition is seen in the return which he has made for the favors of his American friends. His observations on the Tariff and Constitution of our government are exceedingly puerile, and he evidently does not know as much about American history and American statesmen, as Mr. Fidler does about 'Sanscrit.' The monument on Bunker Hill was not 'erected to the memory of Washington,' neither is 'Mr. Cambreleng the first political economist of the country.' The style of his writing has little to recommend it—the New England Magazine to the contrary notwithstanding. It is full of vulgarisms, and occasionally a line of poetry is quoted, or a scrap of Latin introduced, to show the attainments of the author, and to set off the magnificence of his descriptions.

*'Purpureus late qui splendeat unus et alter
Aussuitur pannus.'*

We know not what sort of a writer Col. Hamilton is esteemed in England; but in America, where according to his own account, if all the books in the country were collected together, they would not be 'sufficient to make a scholar,' we have no taste for his productions, and no confidence in his judgment.

Such are the characters of three English travelers who have been talked into notice by the American press. Every Editor, from Maine to Georgia, has had something to say about Mrs. Trollope and Col. Hamilton, and we ask in the name of common sense, if such a course is salutary. Is there any surer way of bringing into circulation a contemptible book, than by examining, and censuring, and quoting its contents? Are such productions as those passing under review, deserving of candid refutation? Ought they to excite in Americans that sensibility which has been so often manifested, and with so little prudence? We may be told that unless these travelers are noticed and corrected, their errors and misstatements will pass current in their own country, and thus our character will suffer and our influence abroad be lessened. But no such thing. England, good old England knows better. She knows that a country where arts and manufactures are flourishing, and wealth, and population, and knowledge are increasing with wonderful rapidity, cannot be so deficient in manners, so sunk in degradation, and so destitute of salutary government. Let Ameri-

can booksellers be more cautious in republishing the works of foreigners, and let our Reviewers and Periodicals be more sparing of their notices, both commendatory and condemnatory, and English travelers will soon have no inducements to exaggerate and speak falsely. Their books will accumulate dust upon the bookseller's shelf, and become in time, food for worms. The public not being made acquainted with the nature of their contents, will have no desire to read them, and thus a better state of things on all sides may be reasonably expected to take place.

"Down to the Sea in Ships."

The following beautiful Hymn was written by George Kent, Esq. for the Ladies's Fair for the benefit of Seamen, lately held at Concord. N. H.

"Down to the sea in ships"
The hardy Sailor goes—
A safeguard to his country's friends,
A terror to her foes.
He perils life and limb—
Foregoes the sweets of home—
And day and night, his course is set
Through trackless waste to roam.

What urges him afar
To plough the restless main?
Does love of Country nerve his arm,
Or sordid hope of gain?
Whatever his purpose be,
He has a soul to save—
A priceless gem, to sink or shine
In realms beyond the grave.

"God's wonders in the deep"
His eyes delighted trace—
At "noon of night" the "host of heaven"
Has caught his ardent gaze:
But of his Maker's will
How little has he known—
How rare his feet frequent God's courts,
His voice address his throne.

To bring the wanderer nigh—
Provide a port of peace—
And from the prison-ship of sin,
Give the tir'd soul release:
This—this is mercy's aim,
The Woman's kind concern—
For this the Bethel flag is rear'd
And hearts with ardor burn.

Shall we beneath the shade
Of earth's fair fruit and flowers,
Deny the tar our little aid
To cheer his darksome hours?
No—let our hearts unite—
Our hands wide open spread—
By works of love, and prayers of faith,
Heaven's blessings on him shed.

So when the storms of life
With us and him are o'er,
The favoring gales of bounteous Heaven
May waft us safe ashore.
"Aloft!" the order given—
"All's Well!" the welcome cry—
And songs of joy employ each tongue
Throughout Eternity.

The following prayer was made by an Irishman in the woods between New York and Canada, in 1784:—"Lord, have compassion upon me, a poor unfortunate sinner, three thousand miles from my own country, and seventy-five from any where else."

The world is a cracked bell; it rattles, but it does not ring.

RECIPE FOR A ROUTE.—Take all the ladies and gentleman you can collect, and put them into a room with a slow fire.—Stew them well. Have ready twelve packs of cards, a piano forte, a handful of prints or drawings, and put them in from time to time. As the mixture thickens, sweeten with politeness, and season with wit, if you have any; if not flattery will do; and is very cheap. When all have stewed well for an hour, add some ices, jellies, cakes, lemonades, and wines—the more of these ingredients you put in, the more substantial will your route be. Fill your room quite full, and let the scum run off!

The Charlestown Navy Yard is very extensive, and has all the necessaries requisite for such an establishment. The Dry Dock, in which the ship Constitution is at present undergoing a thorough repair, is a specimen of mason-work of the very first order. In ship-building, the Americans excel all other nations; and when one of their vessels arrives in a foreign harbor, it is sure to excite the admiration and draw forth the encomiums of all who visit it.—The models are beautiful, and the finish of the outside looks more like veneering than common ship-building. Strength is not, however, sacrificed in any instance for mere beauty of appearance.

THE DUDLEY CREST.—The most singular combat by which arms were ever gained, was one which happened in the family of Hotot. The family of Dudley, in Northamptonshire, bears for a crest, a woman's head, with a helmet; her hair dishevelled, and her throat-leash loose. The occasion of this crest was singular. In the year 1390, Hotot having a dispute with one Ringdale, about the title to a piece of land, they agreed to meet on the disputed ground, and decide it by combat. On the day appointed, Hotot was laid up with the gout; rather than he should suffer in his honor, or lose his land, his daughter Agnes armed herself cap-a-pie, mounted her father's steed, and went to meet Ringdale at the time appointed. After a stubborn fight, she dismounted him, and when he was on the ground, she loosened her throat-leash, lifted up her helmet, and letting down her hair upon her shoulders, discovered her sex.—Agnes afterwards married into the Dudley family; and in honor of this heroic action, her descendants have always used the above crest, with the motto, "*Galea spes Salutis.*"

INSANITY OF THE INSANE.—There is no end to the false impressions and delusion with which the mind may be affected. A physician was once called to see a man laboring under the fancy that he was converted into a tea pot. And when the physician endeavored to ridicule him out of the idea, he indignantly replied, "I am a tea-pot," and forming a semicircle with one arm, placing his hand upon his hip he said "there is the handle," and thrusting out

the other arm, "there is the spout." Men have believed themselves converted into barrels rolled along the street. One case is recorded of a man who believed himself a clock, and would stand for hours at the head of the star, clicking with his tongue. A respectable tradesman in England, even fancied himself metamorphosed into a seven-shilling piece, and took the precaution of requesting as a particular favor of his friends, that if his wife should present him in payment, that they would not give change for him. Some have supposed that many armed knights were engaged in battle within them. A sea captain in Philadelphia, believed for many years that he had a wolf in his liver. A madman in the Pennsylvania hospital believed that he was once a calf, and mentioned the name of the butcher who killed him, and the stall in a Philadelphia market on which his flesh was sold previously to his animating his present body. One man believes his legs made of butter, and with the greatest caution avoids fire; another imagines them to be made of glass, and with extreme care wraps them in wooden boxes when going out to ride.—A prince of Bourbon often supposed himself to be a plant, and taking his stand in the garden, would insist upon being watered in common with the plants around him. A French gentleman imagined himself to be dead, and refused to eat. To prevent his dying of starvation, two persons were introduced to him in the character of illustrious dead like himself, and they invited him, after some conversation respecting the world of shades to dine with another distinguished but deceased person, Marshall Turenne.—The lunatic accepted this polite invitation, and made a very hearty dinner. Every day while this fancy prevailed it was necessary to invite him to the table of some ghost of rank and reputation. Yet in the other common affairs of life, the gentleman was not incapacitated from attending to his own interests."—*Religious Magazine.*

From the New England Magazine.

The Doctor and his Patient.

"Ma foi!—ces Medecins sont de vilaines gens!"

So says Mons. Renard, in his play of the *Legatee*; but so say not I. My physician has just left me. He is a clever fellow, and it may be a skillful, withal. But he has not the folly to pretend to cheerfulness, and laughs by main force over his own jokes—the unhappy man! Does he think to deceive people by it? A merry physician, indeed!—as well talk of laughing death's head—the cachinnation of a monk's *memento mori*. Heaven help the doctors! From the Court physician down to the veriest quack who ever dosed with herbs or steamed a *la Esquimaux*, I commiserate every mother's son of them. This life of ours is sorrowful enough in its best estate—the brightest phasis of our being is "sickled o'er with the pale cast" of the future and the past. But it is the lot of the physician

to look only upon the shadow; to turn away from the house of feasting, and go down to the house of mourning; to breathe, day after day, the atmosphere of wretchedness; to grow familiar with suffering; to look upon humanity disrobed of its pride and glory—robbed of all its facetious ornaments—weak, helpless, naked—and undergoing the last fearful metempsychosis from its end and godlike image—the living temple of an unshrined divinity, to the loathesome clod, and the all inanimate clay.—There is woe behind him—there is woe before him. He is hand and glove with misery by prescription,—the ex-officio gauger of the "ills which flesh is heir to." What to him are the much eulogized charms of home—the holy comforts of one's fire-side? He has no home, unless it be by the bed side of the sick—the querulous—the dying.—Hurrying perpetually from one scene of misery to another, he knows nothing of the quiet of those "sleek headed men who sleep o' nights." He realizes, more than any other, the truth of that maxim, that

"Where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise."

His ideas of beauty—perhaps even the affections of his heart—are regulated by irrepressible associations of his profession.—Others may talk of their "ladye loves" as angels—sylphs—seraphs; he knows better—he knows that woman, as well as man, is "of the earth, earthy." Through the soft and beautiful veil of what we call *delicacy*, he sees only the consuming canker of incipient disease. Has his fair one a form of faultless symmetry? He thinks of the *subjects* of his anatomical studies. Does her smile unveil a set of pearls? He thinks of his dental operations. Does the blush of feeling or modesty mantle of a sudden, neck, cheek, and brow,—a variable play of coloring, like sunset upon tremulous water? He calls to mind his last case of fever. Does the bright and eloquent blood glow steadily and richly through her fair cheek? He remembers his hectic patients. Tell him of a young lady's sentimental melancholy, and he will forthwith answer you by a dissertation on dyspepsia. Tell him of broken hearts,—of dying love—of the "worm i' the bud," feeding upon the damask cheek of beauty,—of the mental impalement from Cupid's arrow, like that of a Giaour upon the spear of Janizary; and he will talk to you of liver complaints—of tight lacing—of fashionable exposure—of lack of exercise.

I have sometimes thought that Sheridan's Doctor, in "St. Patrick's Day," was no caricature; indeed, there seems to me something very natural in his description of his dear, deceased helpmate. "Poor Dolly! I shall never see her like again; such an arm for bandage—veins that seemed to invite the lancet! Then her skin,—smooth and white as a gallipot; her mouth round and not larger than the mouth of a penny phial; and her teeth—none of your stur-

dy fixtures—ache as they would, it was but a small pull, and out they came,—I believe I have drawn half a score of her poor dear pearls, (weeps,) but what avails her beauty? She has gone and left no pledge of our loves behind—no little babe to hang like a label upon papa's neck. Death has no consideration—one must die as well as another—fair and ugly, crooked or straight, rich or poor,—flesh is grass—flowers fade!"

But to return to my physician. Never man had a kinder—punctual in attendance—lavish of his drugs—perfectly deferential to the opinions of his patient. As I recount for the thousandth time, the symptoms of my case, he never fails to congratulate me upon my peculiar good fortune in securing the services of one so able and willing to assist me as himself—significantly assuring me, in the language of Hippocrates's first proposition, that "Vita brevis; Experimentum periculosum; Judicium difficile." He has, if I mistake not, all the skill and kind wishes of Moliere's Toinet, who disdained to "amuse himself with the small fry of common diseases"—the trifles of rheumatism, vapors, agues, &c. "I would have," said he, "diseases of importance—good continual fevers, good plagues, good confirmed dropsies, good pleurisies,—this is what I like—this is what I triumph in; and I wish, sir, you had all these diseases—that you was abandoned by all of the faculty—despaired of—at the point of death,—that I might demonstrate to you the excellency of my remedies."

FEMALE TACT AND COURAGE.—The Editor of the New York Baptist Register, having recently visited the Lunatic Asylum at Hudson, relates the following instance of the effect of a mild and judicious treatment of an insane patient, which occurred at that place:

A professional gentleman of some distinction, of giant size and great strength, who could fell a man with a blow, escaped from his room, and on his way through the entry, fell in with another gentleman in the same state of mental alienation, and proposed to him, that they should make a tour through the Union together. He said he would draw on the United States Bank in city of New York for \$100,000; he would draw on the bank in Philadelphia for half that sum, and on the branches in one or two cities for the same amount; and they would procure the necessary vehicles, and make an excursion through the United States. The proposal was agreed to readily by the afflicted gentleman addressed, with the utmost pleasure and confidence, as to its execution. The keepers became alarmed by the determination manifested; and on their interference with their further progress, the athletic gentleman insisted upon it, that a positive contract had been made in the matter, and it could not be broken.

The keepers knowing his strength, and apprehending that it would be no light affair

to grapple with it, sent for Dr. White. The lady, who manages the interior department, seeing the alarming state of things, and the firm purpose of both gentlemen to escape, walked up politely to the largest one, and asked him for his arm. To this his gallantry very soon yielded, and after walking off a little way with him, she remarked that he had never given her a history of his interesting family, which she was quite desirous of hearing. This took with him, and she proposed accompanying him up to his room, and hearing an account from his own lips of his wife and children. They accordingly ascended the stairs together, she entering the room on his arm. Here she seated herself, and he commenced the narration. In a few moments the doctor arrived, and dispatched her little daughter to call her mother. The child went up with haste, and told her the doctor wanted her immediately. She politely apologized for leaving him a few moments, and proposed that the story should be resumed on her return. This, of course, was acceded to, and she left the room and closed the door behind her, which, being fastened with a spring lock, effectually secured him in his apartment and ended the alarming difficulty.

From the Pearl.

Marriage Hymn.

Not for the summer hour alone,
When skies resplendent shine,
And youth and pleasure fill the throne,
Our hearts and hands we join:

But for those stern and wintry days,
Of sorrow, pain, and fear,
When Heaven's wise discipline doth make
Our earthly journey drear.

Not for this span of life alone,
Which like a blast doth fly,
And as the transient flower of grass
Just blossom—droop, and die.

But for a being without end,
This vow of love we take,—
Grant us, Oh God!—one home at last,
For our Redeemer's sake. L. H. S.

A BARGAIN.—“What do you ask for this sketch?” said Sir Joshua to an old picture dealer, whose portfolio he was looking over. “Twenty guineas, sir.” “Twenty pence, I suppose you mean?” “No, sir, it is true I would have taken twenty pence for it this morning, but if the President of the Academy thinks it worth looking at, all the world will think it worth buying.” Sir Joshua ordered him to send the sketch home, and gave him the money.

In excavating the Lancaster Lateral Canal, near a place called the “Deep Cut,” bones of extraordinary dimensions have been discovered. Among the curiosities found, is a horn six feet in length, weighing 44 pounds, and measuring in circumference at the but end, sixteen inches. Also, a tooth, weighing 63 1-4 pounds.

Epigram.

Why fain we love as wanting eyes,
When most from sight his pow'rs arise?
We feign him blind, because too well
He sees what love alone could tell:
Better to swear that he is blind,
Than own what fools are human kind.

“How are you going to spend Thanksgiving?” said one apprentice to another. “Why I reckon I shall have to bring water all the morning—break stone coal all the afternoon, and spend the evening in bed!”

When Frederic of Prussia proclaimed his new code of laws it rendered lawyers unnecessary, and a very large body of them signed a petition to his majesty, praying his relief, and asking what they were to do. Under these circumstances, the king wrote this laconic answer: “Such as are tall enough, may enlist as grenadiers, and the shortest will do for drummers and fifers.”

The Lowell Journal has the following marriage: “In this town, Miss Rebecca End, to Master Jonathan Foremost. The editor of that witty and generally correct paper has, in this instance, got the *wrong end foremost*.”

COLUMBUS, Miss.—About one hundred of our fellow citizens have within a few days past, returned to their homes in this and the adjacent counties, from Sante Fe, in New Mexico. They have brought with them, we understood, from eighty to one hundred thousand dollars in specie, besides a large quantity of furs, mules, &c. the value of which we have not heard stated, but will, undoubtedly, produce a large sum. We are pleased to learn that the traders met with no molestation from the Indians on the route, and that they have generally made profitable adventures.

This trade, which is generally carried on by the citizens of the eastern part of Missouri, has now become of considerable importance. Specie, furs, mules, &c. are annually brought from that country, to a very large amount.

ENGLAND AND AMERICA.—Tait's Magazine for September, has an article on Hamilton's “Men and Manners in America,” in which the cause of America is warmly espoused. The following illustration is good:

“Imagine a battered old beau quizzing a ruddy growing boy for his brown holland pin-before, the three rows of brass sugar-loaf buttons on his jacket, the redness of his hands, the carelessness of his carriage, his fondness for tarts, his contempt of the higher luxuries of turtle and venison; and you have the sum and substance of all English criticism on America.”

HOW TO PROLONG LIFE.—For many years there prevailed in China an extraordinary superstition and belief that the secret sect of Tao had discovered an elixir which bestowed immortality. No less than three Emperors died after swallowing a drink presented to them by the eunuchs of the palace, as the draught that was to confer never ending life. “The best method of prolonging life, and of making life happy,” said a wise Mandarin to one of these infatuated princes, “is to control your appetites, subdue your passions, and practice virtue! Most of your predecessors, O Emperor! would have lived to a good old age had they followed the advice which I give you!”

The Tablet.

Oratorio.

The New Haven Musical Society, gave a concert of vocal and instrumental Music, last evening, under the direction of Professor George Geib, which is spoken of in terms of the highest praise. Although we do not profess to be a judge or a critic of music, we think the performance last evening has never been exceeded in New Haven.

The first session of the Twenty-third Congress, commenced at Washington, on Monday last. The President's Message was submitted on Tuesday at 12 o'clock, and was received in this city on Wednesday, at 3 o'clock. Hon. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, is re-elected speaker of the House of Representatives.

The Album, or the Ladies' Common Place Book, published at Lowell, Mass., has entered upon its second volume. The editor says, “It has of late become fashionable (and we know not but necessary) for an editor to whisper as many favorable things of himself and his works as his modesty will allow, and there are cases when that is of so doubtful a nature, that his friends are under the disagreeable necessity of blushing for him; but we hope this will not be the case with us. That the Album has its merits, every one will allow, but to what extent, we are not to say—we hope, however, that the effects of its merits will be apparent through—a good list of subscribers.”

The Album is published semi-monthly, by Alfred Gilman.

MR. EVHRETT'S ORATION.—An Oration delivered before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, the day preceding the last annual Commencement of Yale College, by the Hon. Edward Everett, has just been issued from the press of Messrs. H. Howe & Co., of this city. At the time of its delivery, it was spoken of in terms of the highest admiration, and will probably now be read with no less degree of interest.

The Hermethenean for December, is received; it contains as usual a variety of interesting original matter, and is well worthy a place among the numerous periodicals of the present day, and fully proves that the Students of our colleges are capable of exerting a great influence in favor of American literature.

From the Cincinnati Mirror.

Truth.

When all around is dark as night
That sleeps upon a desert waste,—
When thoughts rush madly in their flight,
And hopes to ruin madly haste;—

There is a power that will sustain
The soul in this its darkest mood—
Will give a balm to heal its pain,
And on the mind sweet quiet brood.

That power is Truth: It ever forms
A way when shadows shroud our sight;
A rainbow o'er the mind's fierce storms—
A star upon the brow of night.

Beneath its sway we feel secure,
We're tranquil 'mid the wrecks of grief:
Without its wealth the rich are poor,
The heart bereft finds no relief.

The cloud that floats upon the sky
When day fades in the far off west,
Is gorgeous in the sun's bright eye,
And looks an 'island of the blest.'

Thus, when our day of life here fades,
Truth will illumine its clouds of sorrow,
And brightly through death's gath'ring shades
Give promise of a fair to-morrow.

Oh Truth! thou art our solace here—
A promise when life finds its even,
Our guide to that eternal sphere
Where day fades not—a nightless heaven.

A gentleman having a remarkable long visage, was one day riding by a school, at the gate of which he overheard young Sheridan say to another lad, 'That gentleman's face is longer than his life.' Struck by the strangeness of this rude observation the man turned his horse's head, and requested an explanation. 'Sir,' said the boy, 'I meant no offense in the world; but I have read in the Bible at school, that a man's life is but a *span*, and I am sure your face is double that length!' The gentleman threw the lad a six pence and rode off, laughing heartily.

There is an amusing anecdote related of Mr. Rowe, the poet and dramatist, who, with a view to preferment attended the levees of the earl of Oxford. Going one day to pay his court to the earl, then lord high treasurer, he was courteously received by his lordship, who asked him if he understood Spanish well? Rowe answered no; but thinking the earl intended sending him to Spain on some honourable commission, he immediately added, that he did not doubt in a short time he should be able both to understand and speak it. Oxford seeming to approve what he said, Mr. Rowe took his leave, and immediately retired to a remote farm house, where, in a few months having learned Spanish, waited again upon the earl, to acquaint him of his diligence; upon which his lordship asked him if he was sure he understood the language perfectly, and the poet replying affirmative, that incomprehensible minister merely exclaimed—'How happy are you, Mr. Rowe, that you can enjoy the pleasure of reading and understanding Don Quixotte in the original!'

EFFECT OF GOOD MANNERS.—A gentleman in Philadelphia, who constantly felt and looked kindly, going out one morning, met a wretched looking man walking hastily with a musket in his hand. "Good morning, Sir," said the gentleman, with a smile. "Good morning," muttered the other, and passed on. Presently the gentleman heard the report of a musket, and soon the cry of murder. It turned out that the man with the musket was insane, and had rushed out with a gun to kill the first person he should meet, that he might be hanged himself, and thus get rid of the world; but on being asked why he did not kill the first gentleman—"Why he looked so good natured," said he, "that I thought I would not shoot him."—*Juvenile Rambler.*

SOMETHING WARLIKE.—A Dungarvin skipper, being asked what he would wish to have painted on the stern of his vessel, replied, "Something warlike, to be sure; a bird-cage or a churn."

The public is threatened with a republication of Mr. Willis's 'First Impressions of Europe,' in two volumes. It would be a pity to spoil so much good paper, to so little purpose.

Married,

In this city, Dr. Jerome B. Wheat to Miss Charlotte Shuster, of the Island of St. Croix.

In this city, Mr. Charles Davidson to Miss Louisa Baldwin, both of Milford.

In Milford, Mr. Horace Mallett to Miss Julia A. Stow; Mr. Samuel Beard to Miss Abigail Smith.

In New York, Wm. Leffingwell, Esq., of this city, to Miss Hannah D., daughter of the late Leonard Chester.

In North Haven, by the Rev. Mr. Gregg, Mr. Wm. Ives, of this city, to Miss Mary C. Tuttle, of the former place.

Died,

In this city, on the 27th ult., of the consumption, Mr. Henry E. Ellis, (late of the firm of Baldwin and Ellis, printers,) and only son of Wm. H. Ellis, Esq., aged 22. We sympathise deeply with the parents in their afflicting bereavement. He was their last and only son—a youth of high promise, benevolent temper, and correct deportment. We have known him for many years, as a brother of the craft, and as a fellow member of the military corps, which has paid the last sad rites to his remains. This company, which according to its numbers might be supposed as embodying the health of the city, composed as it is of young men, has followed, year after year, some of its members to the tomb. This is a most forcible illustration of the declaration, that "in the midst of life we are in death."—*Palladium.*

In this city, on the 2d inst., Miss Martha, daughter of President Day, of Yale College, aged 20.—This esteemed young lady was the day previous to her death performing her duties as a Sabbath School teacher at the center church.

At Wethersfield, of consumption, on the 16th ult., Mr. Chauncey Treat, late of this city, aged 35. He was a gentleman much esteemed by those who knew him here.

In this city, on the 1st inst., Maria Louisa, infant daughter of Mr. C. S. Babcock.

In this city, on the 1st inst., Mr. Ebenezer Alving, aged about 65.

BRUSHES.

CROSWELL & HOWE, No. 123 Chapel st. opposite Central Row, have for sale a very large assortment of Brushes, comprising almost every kind in use; consisting of Hearth, Crumb, Dusting, Hair, Flesh, Shoe, Horse, Whitewash, Scrubbing, Clothes, Tooth and Nail Brushes. Also, Fancy Bellows of various patterns.
Nov. 22.

Writing Materials.

CROSWELL & HOWE, 123, Chapel st., have for sale Ruled and Plain Letter and writing Paper. Bath Post, and Note Paper. American, Holland, and Russia Quills. Gill's Patent Lunar Pens, a fresh supply just received. Ink of various kinds, in any quantity. Glass, Porcelain, Cork, Wedgewood, Pocket and Pewter Ink-Stands. Silliman's Patent do. Indelible Ink—Silver everpointed Pencils. Good lead Pencils—Fine Penknives and Erasers. Blank books—Albums—Writing Books. Portable Desks, Sealing Wax, Portfolios, Wafers, Black Sand, Sand Boxes, Letter Stamps and Seals, Pocket Tablets, &c.
Nov. 23.

COMPOUND TOOTH LOTION.

FOR cleansing the teeth, and mouth, and removing a disordered state of the gums; also, giving a peculiar sweetness to the breath, by J. B. WHEAT, Surgeon Dentist, New Haven. This wash, when judiciously used, will be found exceedingly useful to the Teeth, producing a healthy state of the gums, and is almost indispensable in treating diseases of the soft parts about the mouth. It will exert no pernicious influence upon the teeth; but is very beneficial in removing an irritable state of them.—It stands pre-eminently above all other kinds in use—it has high recommendations from the first physicians and dentists in the country—some of them professors in the medical department in Yale College, to whom we have the liberty of referring. We deem it not necessary here to give the recommendations in full, as they will be found on handbills and labels accompanying the wash. The best test of its merit is its use.

We refer to Professor Silliman, Doct. T. P. Beers, Professors in the medical department of Yale College; Docts. V. M. Dow, and D. H. Moore, M. D.'s of New Haven; Doct. D. C. Ambler, M. D., Dentist, New York—besides many others, whose opinions are valuable.

Sold wholesale and retail, by

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Oct. 12.

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THE LITERARY TABLET

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